

I'd Buy that
for a dollar!

Vol. I
Issue #7
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ORIGINAL BLEND
NEW!

FRESH
scent

A Return To Lunacy:

A lot has happened. I'll try to not bore you for too long.

I moved again, and now my new pad has become the party house, so to speak. I have three new roommates, one of who has appeared within these pages at least once, and since all of them seem to enjoy a good beer (or a crappy one, as it were) quite often, I almost always have something to do now.

There's a couple of hanger-ons these days, two of which are new faces in all our lives. Let's give Cassandra and Geni a hand for being able to outdrink all of us (yey! P.S.: Geni, the new production entirely dedicated to your life is on the way. Look for it soon!). All in all, things are more excited these days than they have been.

If you're ever bored and you hear a lot of noise above Cafe Soriah, and you're in a friendly kind of mood, stop by. We're almost always up late.

It's strange the way life works here in Eugene. People are always saying that it sucks here because nothing ever happens. I disagree 100%. For me, things happen in spurts. I'll go entire months with just a routine, nothing too exciting going on, and then for two solid months my life will be completely insane, one thing after another, with no breaks in between. It seems weird at first, but I finally got used to it right when things started to slow down. Sigh.

With all that crazy spur of the moment shit that happened lately, for a while there my life had become insane, and to top it off I strayed away from writing about the stuff I was thinking about so I could make way for my Portland issue. In a way that issue was tacky and pretentious, but then again so is everything, and it gave me some perspective on how I want to run things for a little while. But now that things have slowed down a bit, and my job has given me a more or less normal shedule, I can get back to what matters to me.

I'm going to hold off on theme issues for a while, and get back to just everyday stuff (people can relate to that better I think). The next theme issue will be outer space, though, so keep that in mind when writing stuff. In the meantime, I just wanted to get back to the subjects I'm used to writing about without any guidelines, and thus this issue was born.

In addition to getting back to this 'zines roots, aside from a few choice articles, there may be a distinct lack of Emo-Material in the coming months. That's not to say that I won't write anything emo, nor will anything emo happen, but too much has happened to get all mushy about the world around me.

I think it all started when I started picking up these big band tapes. Not too long ago, I got this two tape set of the Best of Big Band. It was pretty cheap, and figured, "What the fuck?"

But something happened. It hit me like a ton of bricks. Sophistication. Ballroom dancing and cigars. Martinis. Style.

Doesn't mean a lot to the layman, but new areas of interest are opening up for me, and with the surf rock / big band influencing my attitude recently, this may or may not come across in this issue. Either way, it show be interesting.

Have fun.

--G.M. July 18, 1997

Special Thanks to ~~Cassandra~~, Lyra The Racist Jew (She's not really racist, but that's just what we call her), Kris, Josh, Colin, My Grilfriend Cassandra, Geni, The Bookstore, Rick at the 13th Street market for the free beer and cigarettres, Vixen, Jelly Brain (you know who you are), and my sister.

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**THE UNIVERSE MAY BE EXPANDING, BUT
THANKS TO THE MILITARY OUR PLANET IS
DEFINITELY SHRINKING.**

The Star Who Was Everyman

SPECIAL REPORT

A Rebel in the Ranks



And so, little Oreo-dogi said in his roundabout way, "So what if Neffy does it? At least it's not my neck."

Morny grimaced, and stared long and hard at Oreo before responding, "I have no problems with his decisions. Whatever his call may be, it's not my decision."

The thick stench of irony filled the room, as if a London fog was slowly rolling in. Mayana had different plans than this bunch. Not as if she had anything really to do with them in the first place.

Morny sighed whilst continuously staring at Oreo, ice cold. Oreo's confidence, some of which was derived from his extreme ignorance in the situation, stood firm against Morny's persistent glaring.

This showdown abruptly stopped as Neffy stormed in blurting loudly, "Harg Neff Moor Nigiff Gnaff Noo!"

All disappeared into a vortex of their own confusions. Reality swirled round their heads, swirling like Jelly O pudding, dancing above their spinning, twirling, spinning slowly, twisting, turning brains.

What was in a situation comes round to eat your tongue? They once found sitting so easy, if it wasn't for a good reason, you see we haven't got all night to bicker and argue about the discrepancies seen so brightly, so tightly wrapped around and bound our hands, in the soup of yesterday.

"Hard to port! And don't stop 'til we harden our hearts!" was the battle cry of the Pawney sailors. They sent their arms up like twists of fury, into the rushing sea of air and mist.

Neffy was once again confused by the accusations set before him. "This is not a time to panic," he ran over and over in his head, like a hamster in a wheel. Running, running, over and over and over. "This is not a time to panic."

A thought too much to mention was broken by a fast moving car. The button is pressed. "¡La cucaracha entran, pero no pueden salir!"

"Do we know when the... hey, get used to the hotel. Just call me on the cell phone." Billowing of winds took over and hid away in the nooks and crannies of the onyx cliffs. Hardened ways make no time for a little place in which nothing can make a way for us in the past is not in the performance of contra terrorism does what it should detail in cases of extreme mutual cooperation is a little bit of money can run if everything does make you know what is that can be yes.

"What?" exclaimed Oreo in a tone which made everyone jump a little.

Morny looked up at Oreo after a moment of hesitation. "Oh, uh... nothing."

There was a pause as everyone silently looked at one another, in an almost hypnotized state.

Neffy jumped in, "Well, now that we've all agreed on something, let's get down to business."

The one light in the warehouse was on all night, as the group worked long into the night.

THE END

As I was walking to the bus stop, they made their break, and for a moment my jaw dropped and my heart sank in a way that signaled, "It's pointless, but I hope they make it." They had been fluttering in the wind, bound to the awning that was to be their permanent home until sentenced to death. But their shackles were weak, and in rhythm with the wind, they were off.

At first someone in the parking lot, in a rare moment of assumed valor, jumped for them. However, they had prepared for such an occurrence, and side stepped him in time with the wind (their only friend, it would appear),

and this put them far enough out to concentrate on the more important problem at hand: 4 lanes of traffic. The man who jumped for them went to his car; I continued to watch the drama unfold.

At first it seemed they had defeated one foe to fall upon a worse, because they were traveling low and were caught in the path of a small car. Tension was building, and they continued slowly, waiting for the last possible moment when they would pull up and out across the next two open lanes.

My heart was pounding; they were going to make it!

All that stood in their way was an oncoming truck. It was packed with shaking boxes, shaking violently against the bungee. The wind had died out, preventing any continuing help. To make up for it, the wind called his slower friend inertia to help out.

They moved slowly.

The truck continued on its homicidal mission.

I clenched my fists and repeated the phrase, "Come on!" over and over again.

I almost couldn't watch.

As the truck barreled past, its own locomotion was what saved them; its disturbances in the air it was causing -- their friend the wind -- gave them the extra push they needed.

The balloons quietly attached themselves to the closest tree. They had run their gauntlet, and were much happier to die in their self-imposed exile... away from the others.

| A Story

by Jared

He pulled out his gun and fired. The man at which the gun was aimed spun around in the yellow dirt and fell face first onto the ground. His face hit a rock on the desert floor and his check **bone shattered in a spray of blood** red. The man with the gun holstered it and grinned at a woman standing outside of the saloon. She winked and made eye contact with the man. She smiled. He strolled over to her and said:

"Howdy ma'am, how're you?"

"How's it feel to kill?"

"Feels good baby."

"Yeah?"

"Oh yeah," the man said. "How much?"

"I'll tell ya what, I'll give you the special deal 'cause you're a bandit."

"Good deal," he said.

"How about 1 dollar."

"That's outstanding."

"Big words for an outlaw," she said. The man pulled a silver dollar coin out of his breast pocket and placed it in the neck of the young girl's shirt.

"Follow me," she said. She walked into the saloon and up the stairs. He followed. The door shut behind them.

An old man sitting at the bar mumbled to himself, "She's got another one." A deathly scream poured from the inside of the room.

The old man said:

"That's worse than the last one, I'll be damned!" He threw back a shot of whiskey.

ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY LOUISE?

NO WAY! I'VE BEEN AVOIDING MARRIAGE FOR YEARS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS, BUT I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU!

DON'T! PLEASE! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE THIS HARDER! I...

SHE'S A WOMAN, DEAN-- AN EXCEPTIONALLY GORGEOUS AND SEXY ONE AT THAT.

I'M A MAN...

THAT I'VE NEVER STOPPED CARING ABOUT YOU FROM THE DAY YOU LEFT-- I'VE NEVER WANTED ANYONE ELSE! I'VE ALWAYS FELT IT WAS MEANT TO BE-- YOU AND ME--

Study signals teens at risk

CHICAGO — Teen-agers who get into fights, smoke or carry a gun are more likely to attempt suicide than other teens, a study suggests. Even something as subtle as neglecting to wear a seat belt or motorcycle helmet can signal an increased risk, according to the study in the June edition of the journal *Pediatrics*. "This study supports the concept that risk-taking and problem behaviors are related to suicide attempts," Harvard Medical School researchers wrote.

WITH BUT A SIMPLE GESTURE, I SHALL REDUCE YOUR ONCE-BEAUTIFUL BODY INTO THE DUST OF AGES.

NEVERMORE SHALL YOU SUFFER, MY SWEET.

NEVERMORE SHALL YOU KNOW THE UNCERTAINTIES AND AGONIES OF LIFE.

FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU SHALL EXALT IN THE SENSUAL EMBRACE OF OBSESSION.

LOOK, GIRLS! IT'S HIM!! -- I THINK I'LL TEASE HIM ABOUT HIS CLOTHES!

boyfriends put strain on women

DO YOU SEE WE TWO HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON?



Teen dies,

WH--

--WHAT ABOUT ME?



I NEED YOU.

Dissolutions of marriage

BUT, SHE'S MY GIRL! HAH! MY GIRL? THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

Lost your identity Confused?

Thursday, June 13th. 1996. 1:35 A.M.

This morning I was scrambling to get ready for work when my friend Colin showed up. He is now my mortal enemy w/ his job @ Taco Time™ & I was surprised to see him. He said he had just gotten off work & wanted to hang out a bit since lately, we haven't seen each other. I was lamely going to explain to him that I had to leave for work & then realized it was only 3, & I was supposed to start @ 5. After two days @ the bookstore I wasn't looking forward to Taco Bell™, & since I'm in the middle of a 12 day work week I figured that I did need a bit of time off w/ Colin. He offered to drive me to Taco Bell™, & the deal was sealed. We took off in his car after I packed in my stuff.

We were silent, not speaking, & it occurred to me that last year around this time me & him used to hang out together every single day. Now, I hadn't seen him in days, let alone heard from him, & the last time I had all we did was talk in the car on the way to Taco Bell™. I began to realize that Taco Bell™ was controlling yet another aspect of my life, & began to think that maybe next the thought police would track down my journal & punish me. We let the radio bridge the silence, & soon we were spouting off things like, "The production on the drums is really cool," or, "I really like these lyrics, but the music just sucks." Typical for people I guess who's life now revolves around work.

I was supposed to run some errands before I went off to Taco Bell™ & I asked Colin if he could oblige me. I was running low on Dave's™, needed to pick up my food stamps AND get some food to eat on my break, "If they give me one," I added. He said it would be no problem.

The lack of communication of what we were feeling, what we were thinking, the fact that we were friends & that we used to bond more often, was left to be said in the questions, "What are you going to buy?" & "Can I have a bite of your Snickers™?" I wanted to cry, but my face was already all fucked up from my allergies. I bought a three foot long sandwich to eat & some food stamp Dew™, & we drove off to Gateway Taco Bell™, again letting KRVM speak the words we would have spoken w/out it.

We arrived @ Taco Bell™ early, & smoked a few cigarettes before I said my good bye. I walked off into Taco Bell™, hating life, hating work, & hating what work has done to my life. How it has enabled me to practically break all ties w/ my friends, my girlfriend (who, incidentally, can't even get a hold of me because of my work schedule & had to relay an, "I Love You," via Colin), & my life w/ a 5 to Midnight shift @ minimal pay. I cursed, & worked the front register w/ allergy induced tears.

The day proceeded like any other @ Taco Bell™. Customers complained, food was made, the store was on a whole slow, & Robert was begging me to smile because the sun was out. I tried to reason w/ him that maybe the sun didn't have a reason to be smiled @ because it gave life to the plants that gave me allergies. He just replied w/, "Smile." I wanted to hit him.

The manager wanted to hit him too, & therefore sent him home early because from the moment he clocked on he started to complain about how his back hurt, & how working @ Taco Bell™ was making him sore. I told him that I was in the middle of a 12 day work week between my two jobs, & he insisted that his three day a week, 5 hour shifts were much, much worse. I thanked the gods that he was sent home & went about the business of cleaning.

I actually did receive a half hour break today, an astonishment to even my co-workers, & tried to let Douglas Adams brighten my day. He did, & I went back to work (early @ a managers prompting) w/ a smile on my face because of this & the fact that the manager had sent Robert home & the fact that my allergy's were clearing up a bit.

Later that day the manager fielded a phone call from a customer that said I was rude to them. The manager asked me about this, & I said that I didn't think I had been rude to anyone. "I haven't been smiling a lot, but I have been saying, 'Thank You,' & following all the other rules." The manager said to ignore it & just continue working. I

turned out that the customer was the husband of another employee who had previously been employed @ Taco Bell™ & knew how employees should & shouldn't act. I wanted to punch him but he wasn't there.

I'm not normally a violent person, nor do I detest others w/ such passion in real life. Generally, I'm a well-mannered person, I say hello to people who pass me on the street, I make way for pedestrians when I'm on my bike, I give spare change to people when I myself can afford it (w/ the knowledge that karma will come back my way when I need it), & in general approach life w/ a sort of open-armed niceness if it deserves it. But for some reason, Taco Bell™ always brings out the worst in me. I get visions in my head of car bombs, high caliber firearms, & evil grins on my face when I see the customers in my position when I've given them a 20 dollar order & paid in pennies. Why do I do this? I'm often repulsed by these visions of death & disease on my fellow co-workers, & try to find reasons why I do this when I know there really aren't any.

No time to really reflect on it @ work though. I guess there really never is enough time to reflect on anything when Taco Bell™ is concerned.

Tonight I was scheduled 'til midnight, an hour later than normal, & around 10 I was feeling miserable again because my allergies were acting up again & the antihistamines had worn off. I walked around the store performing a puppet show of my real duties, mixed in w/ coughs & sneezes that seemed to repulse everyone else. The popular question among customers & employees was, "What are you allergic to?" My response was anything green. Everyone had suggestions as to what I could take to ease the pain, but all of the suggestions involved more money than I could currently afford, so I just said, "I'll remember that," & mentally punished myself for the lie that I wouldn't normally tell if it weren't for Taco Bell™.

I was slouching on the wall, trying to calm my headache when another employee came over in the lull of customers to talk.

"You okay."

"Yeah," I said. "Just these damn allergies."

"I can relate. I get 'em too. Maybe you should have called in sick."

"I can't, really," I said. "I really need the money."

"Me too." He glanced through the window w/ a slight paranoia, because the back window in his car was smashed out & he wanted to make sure it was still there.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Someone hit me. I can't afford to report it. It's my mom's car. **Fortunately, it's getting fixed by a friend who works w/ cars.**"

"That's cool," I replied. It was nice to have a real conversation w/ someone @ Taco Bell™, & even though this guy (I don't know his name) was kind of outside of my general "click" of friends (he seems to have "hick" tendencies), I felt a small kinship toward him & actually enjoyed the conversation.

"Do you think she'll be pissed?" I asked.

"No," he said coolly. "She knows."

"Wow," I said in amazement. "I that had happened when I lived w/ my mom, she would have killed me." I thought about this for a moment & added, "Of course, I can't drive & I haven't lived w/ my mom for over three years."

He didn't answer, & I slumped back onto the wall.

"You tired?" he asked.

"Yeah. I'm in the middle of a 12 day work week," I answered.

"Here?" he asked confused.

"No. I have a job @ the bookstore in Gateway mall on the days I don't work here." He looked surprised, & I answered again, "I really need the money."

"I can relate to that," he said. "This was supposed to be my day off. But my mom isn't able to work because of back problems, & my sister is in school w/ a child. All in all, there are six people in my house & we haven't paid rent this month. I just had to work today."

Suddenly, my heart went out to him. I didn't know why because I didn't know him & probably wouldn't have even done this to anyone one else I knew as well as him (which wasn't really well @ all), but for some reason I

really felt like I should say something. His face conveyed a hardship that I could never understand, & lamely my mouth said, "Wow." I thought to myself that I was an idiot for not saying something a little more intelligent, or @ least helpful, but I couldn't think of anything @ the moment, which was the same moment a customer came up & I had to put my mind into a different gear anyway.

@ 11 the store closed, @ least the lobby did, & for the next hour I repeated the tasks I had done numerous times all day long, which was to clean the tables, the windows, the bathrooms, & the floors in the lobby. I completed this @ 10 to midnight, & somewhere in my rush Kathy the manager & I even counted my till. It was perfect, no + or -, so I got a free Double Decker Taco^(C). I ate it quietly, & exchanged some words w/ another employee who was taking an interest in the comment I made about my band a few days ago. She didn't seem to like the explanations I had about what kind of band we were, & on the whole I felt like I would have rather not had the conversation.

I peddled off home on my bike, w/ Douglas Adams again to keep me company, & I tried to collect my thoughts about what had happened that day w/ no success. & now, having relayed the account, I'm so tired I have to sleep to get ready for work tomorrow @ the bookstore, so yet again work has managed to foil my attempts @ trying to figure out what it has done to my rapidly deteriorated life. My jumbled emotions, thoughts, & general confusion will just have to be wrapped up into a nice little piece of paper w/ the words, "Taco Bell," imprinted on them, & in the upper right hand corner there will be a nice little "TM" symbol to signify that in this day & age even problems can be marketed & sold for the right price (in my case, \$5.00 & hour before taxes, but now I am coming to realize that I actually pay quite a bit more than that w/ the things I am losing over this job).

I think I'll bring a tape recorder to work on Friday to try to make sense of it when I have the time to listen to the tape. Maybe it will make good samples.

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| Pieces Contributed by Random Lien Sane
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Anarchism -- a political belief (*Not a fashion statement! - .ed*) that government should be abolished and the state replaced by the voluntary cooperation of individuals and groups. Like socialist, anarchists believe that existing governments tend to defend injustice and they would do away with the institution of private property. But, unlike socialists, they believe that government is unnessassary and intrinsically harmful. (*Take a fucking bath! - .ed*)

Snag

I am seeing clearly now
Your problem is obvious
Your soul seeps nausiatingly
Possessed by a Martyr
Your delusions are strong
A righteous barricade
That keep out any influence
unless specifically allowed
and encouraged by God
spread the word, save lost souls
whilst purging your quilt.
Benevolent, in your own mind

willing to help anyone
be just like you
the way God intended
Believe your pastor
Obey your lord, and
Save for your Soul
\$pirituality for \$ale
Limited space left
Prime property in the promised land
if you can afford it
Bid well, misbegotten
pray and pay your fine.
Secure your future
leave nothing to chance

for a halo and a harp
for the little wings you desire
You'd sell your existence
throw your child in a fire.
"It's a small sacrifice
for the glory of God."
Adopt another's morals
purity you rigidly maintain
a saint among sinners
you denounce their transgressions
As you have seen the light
a new leaf overturned
another refried bean
condemning any fault

Praising any bod your fed
Defend righteously
that which you oppose
you are so lacking
you should be expurgated
like a disquieting book

you should be irradiated
like an inspiring book
you should be exterminated
like an enlightening book
or, better yet, try reading an enlightening book that wasn't edited for content
centuries later.

Goodwill

by The Soy lent Green

Lately I've been reading Simply Wretched, a local rag in the vein of this here publication. After a couple of somewhat preachy articles by my favorite record store owner Ryder Greene, I felt that any similar attempts would be fruitless on my part. It doesn't really matter how many times I tell people to go and see such-and-such show, or to go and buy such-and-such record, because those of us who get it will get it, and those that don't will continue to smoke pot and go to Floater shows.

There was one article in that last issue of Simply Wretched that did spark my interest, and that was a listing of 13 horrible records that were under a \$1.00, and purchased by a member of their staff in the last 6 months or something. I liked this article because it struck a chord deep inside of me, and fulfilled a burning desire within me to own the worst material ever put to vinyl.

There's something about actual vinyl records that allow nature to transfer sound that, for all intents and purposes, shouldn't ever be recorded let alone be heard by human ears, between two small grooves. I've never been able to adequately explain exactly how or why this is possible, but it is, and all I can say is that a large empty void in my life was filled the day I discovered bad music.

Well, as Marti Debergi would say, "Enough of my yakkin'." Here's some of my favorite bad purchases that I've made recently that meet those ends.



STEREO
JPC 3241



The Original Sound Track Recording: My Fair Lady

When I was in high school I read a brilliantly written play called Pygmalion by Beernard Shaw. Shaw was a genius with a keen sense of humor and wit. The material he had to work with contained a set-up for more incidental cleverness and cynicism than most writers are ever capeable of: a simple professor or phonetics makes a bet with a friend that he could transform a homeless "guttersnipe" into another member of the English Socialites. The execution was superb, and being the cynical teen I was, I loved the ending where boy and girl didn't get each other.

After I read this play, I was reminded of a movie I briefly heard about called My Fair Lady. However, I was sure that they couldn't be the same thing. After all, the guy gets the girl in the end. It was a musical. I mean, come on! The next day I found out I was wrong, and that they changed the ending for the movie. The reason I know this is because we had to watch the fucking thing in class that day!

With this in mind, imagine how happy I was to find the soundtrack to this movie, the epitome of bastardized musicals, at Goodwill?

Through the course of 16 appalling songs with titles like, "I'm Just An Ordinary Man," (yeah, right, this is Rex Harrison we're talking about... Dr. Doolittle... Jesus Christ!) "The Rain In Spain," (it falls mainly on the plains, as you are reminded 500 times within the song) and, "Get Me ToThe Church On Time," (repleat with a drunk singing) Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison follow the plot of the movie in true musical format: with songs about stupid, meaningless things. At 25¢, I could not pass this up.

Seasame Street & Other Children's Pop Hits!

On the cover this album actually looked like a priceless gem. With 21 children's photos on it, and the words, "Seasme Street," I thought I had discovered a record long thought lost from my childhood. But upon closer inspection, I couldn't have been more wrong.

At first, I couldn't find any listing for who performed any of the tracks, and there was no way in hell that was the Archies doing, "Sugar Sugar." Eventually, I found a listing for the performers in small print on the back: The Pickwich Children's Chorus And Musical Friends. From there, the record takes a steep decline.

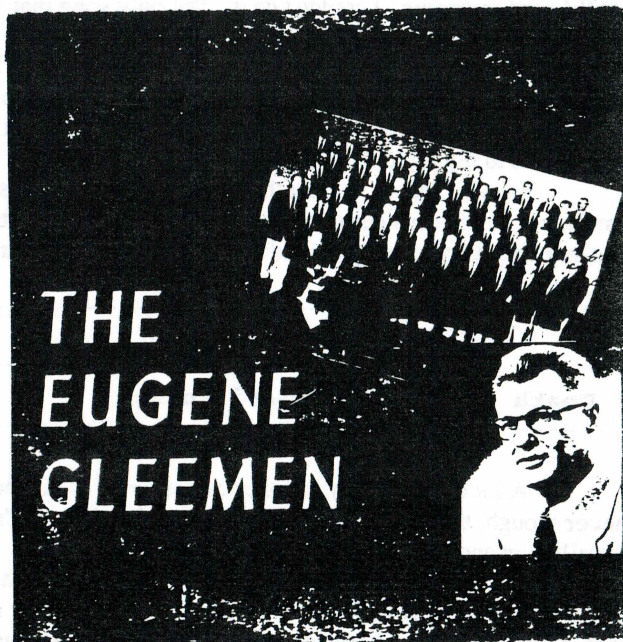
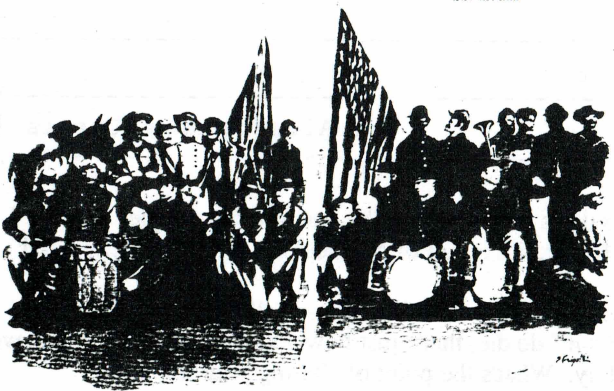
That is to say, none of these songs are the originals. Not one. Even the voice of Ernie on, "Rubber Duckie," is not in any way close or remotely related to Seasme Street. How could it get any worse?

Try a horrendous version of, "Archie's Theme"? This album is a must for those trying to become beleemic. A definate must.

SONGS OF THE NORTH & SOUTH — 1861-1865 —

THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR RICHARD P. CONDIE, DIRECTOR

TRAMP - TRAMP - TRAMP - AURA LEE - THE SONG OF THE FLAG - HE'S COME AWAY - THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM - JOHNNY - THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC - TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND - SWEET SYLVIA - WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME - SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD - KATHLEEN HAVOURNEEN - DIXIE



Songs Of The North & South 1861 - 1865 By The Mormon Tabernacle Choir

Let's say you're an executive at Columbia Records, right? Now let's say that you've got a pretty small budget, and to fill your production quota for the year you've got to release one more record. Are you with me so far? Good.

Now let's say that you meet this guy whose sort of a Civil War buff. I mean, this guy knows the color underwear Robert E. Lee wore, okay? This guy's a specialist, though, and he specializes in the music that the armies would battle too. This guy is willing to tell you everything he knows about these songs for your record, he says, and he's willing to help you put together the entire album, and he's even willing to write something for the back and interior for you on the condition that you allow his friends to perform the songs for the album.

At this point you're running late, you've got very little production time left, so you say, "Fine, okay, whatever, just do it." You don't even stick around long enough to find out who his friends are.

I imagine that you are already getting queasy at the mere thought of listening to this vinyl conglomerate of refuse by the story I told. In my mind, this has to be the only possible explanation for this putrid abomination. It stinks beyond belief.

I would think that a collection of Civil War marching songs would have a lot of potential. With classic favorites like, "The Battle Hymn Of The Republic," "Dixie," and, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the said executive could have calmly released this album with the knowledge that his efforts (what little they had been) would have been worth while. But at the hands of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, little can be said in favor of this pathetic album. Fortunately, I'm a masochist when it comes to music, and I happen to be in heaven when I play it.

The Eugene Gleemen

This piece of esoterica has very little place in the hearts of anyone, let alone residents of Eugene, though my eyes lit up when this autographed piece of history came into my hands. Recorded in the Fall of 1957, this album has all the potential of being the worst thing ever put to vinyl in the entire history of record pressing.

As the back so graciously informs me, the Eugene Gleemen were originally organized in 1926, not for profit but for community service. Only by an audition can one obtain membership in The Eugene Gleemen, and with the common interests of singing "fine music" it's a wonder why only 60 men gained entry. Their conductor, Theodore Kratt, was at the time the Dean of the UofO School Of Music, originally a resident of Portland. Wow. With such a gleaming history, it's a wonder I've never heard them before.

I tried on three separate occasions to listen to this record, but the effect was like that of listening to recorded chalkboard scraping. I couldn't do it. The only song that I even heard all the way through, "A Choral Prelude," was only completed because of its brevity.

The image that immediately comes to mind when I was listening to this record was that of 60 men in suits, all singing in front of a church, while one man with a piano plays and another man with a baton leads. In the audience are about 300 people, all of whom are mindless zombies who actually enjoy this sort of thing. The image that comes to my mind secondly is that of the toilet.

I would like to say that this record gives me a sense of completion and joy that none of the records here could, but I can't considering that this collection of filth is the most horrible I've ever come across. I can only hope that my friends who enjoy the sadistic tapes I make them are of a higher constitution rating than I.

/-----\
| **Death is a really wierd thing** by Aleesha Anne Curtis |
\-----/

A lot of people say that they're not afraid to die, and that's cool. I guess I'm one of those people. I mean, I never thought that death could be any worse than life. Let's face it, life is full of pain and misery and rejection and humiliation and all that fun shit.

When I was younger, I did a lot of stupid shit. I had a couple of REALLY close calls with death, and I always brushed it off and said, "Well, I'm not afraid to die and if I do die, that's just how it's gonna be." I still believe that. That's why I won't quit smoking or drinking or eat healthy. What's the point of altering your life in an

uncomfortable way in hopes of living ten extra years when you could get hit by a bus tomorrow?

Death gets really weird when you plan it. I'm talking about suicide here, folks. In my opinion, there are a lot of good reasons to kill yourself. Not that I'm advocating suicide, but c'mon... if you can't deal with life it's a definite option. Life sucks horribly about 85% of the time and it's a perfectly natural thing to think about offing yourself.

The reason suicide is so crazy is the simple aspect of planning. You know you're gonna do it, and you get the pills or the gun or the razor or whatever... and you make a conscious decision to end your life, and you have a damn good reason at the time. Nobody kills themselves if they don't have a good reason.

The thing that nobody thinks about is your suicide failing. You take your 100 sleeping pills, put Joy Division on the stereo and wait patiently for the end. You never count on your close friends driving you to the local emergency room. Nobody ever considers the possibility of being taken to the hospital in the nick of time and having your stomach pumped (the most horrible experience anybody can ever have). And then there are the inevitable questions. Doctor and nurse fuck wads badgering you about why you did this horrible thing to yourself. No matter how good your reason was, it always sounds lame when explained to them. Then they send you home, and you just sit in your room contemplating what a complete and utter failure you are.

I know life is 85% hell. We all deserve trophies for making it through each day. But the fact remains that 15% of life doesn't suck. Like when the cute boy who works at the store across the street comes over and tells you that you look nice. Or when you and your friends are kicking back and drinking good beer. Or even when you're sitting on your balcony with the breeze blowing over your sweaty body listening to The Descendants and rocking out.

If you really want to kill yourself then you should try it. For your sake, I hope that you don't try with pills or ingestible poison. Think of this article as you're getting your stomach pumped.

/-----
| **Letters**
\-----

Here are some letters I've gotten recently:

*W*ILLAMETTE *C*HRISTIAN *C*ENTER

July 10, 1997

Re: *Worth Your Weight in Gold*

A. Lesiak
1150 W. 15th Avenue Apt L8
Eugene, OR 97402

Dear Mr. or Ms. Lesiak,

It was great to receive your response to our "Worth Your Weight in Gold" booklet. As a part of the team who sponsored its distribution we are grateful to know that it has had a positive effect in your life.

We've enclosed a tape that we are convinced will help and strengthen your faith. I hope that you will listen to it

right away. If there is any way that we can be of further help to you and your relationship with the Lord Jesus please understand that it is our desire to do so.

Sincerely yours in Christ Jesus,



Steve Savelich
Pastor

SPC/jg

P.O. BOX 22108 • EUGENE, OREGON 97402 • 541-686-8651

I recieved this package and it confused me quite a bit. Originally, the package was addressed to a Mr. A. Lesiak, but over the address for him a sticker with my address wass placed. Also within the package was a cassette with the following printed on it: **Willamette Christian Center Pastor Steve Savelich - June 22, 1997 2500 W. 18th - Eugene, OR- 97402 - (541) 686-8651.** I don't know what kind of joke this is or how they got my address, but I would like to point out that the cassette was promptly turned over to a friend who reported that it contained no good samples for use in music. Please, Mr. Savelich (or Mr. Lesiak, as the case may be), next time, say something worthwhile? Okay?

Dear G.M.--

I seem not to have your letter with me, thought I've been carrying around the issues you sent me for a week now & finally read em all. I liked them. More specifically, I liked the intros a whole, whole lot, and wasn't that interested in the rest of the mags. Oh, if you would only loosen up & let some of the meandering, personal insights, and (yes, [never?]) shocking profundities into the rest of the mag. Anyway, thanks for sending 'em, and it was cool to get a taste of eugene, as I have been missing it. Weird to read about latenights at IHOP & walking around cuz we must have been crossing each other's paths all over the place, though I always prefered to sit in the nonsmoking & suffer rather than suffer the cramped company of the smoking section psychos. Also I went to that [weird?] diner w/ the [hesher?] band on weekend nights, forget what it's called. Nice to see someone doing small [???] mags again 'stead of trying to always do big epics. You're not old when you start drinking earlier, only when you wait to sober up before going to sleep. Never heard of such a thing. If I can find your letter I will respond further, otherwise... Hey, found it. Sweet & thoughtful the [???]. Thank you for the response. I'd love to write something if you give me a theme, for that helps me w/ a new perspective, but you didn't tell me the next 2 themes. Duh! And now I'm not getting my mail for 2 months! Maybe I'll get it anyway.

x Aaron

PS--I loved the writing about Daylight Savings--but what about having a celebration of losing an hour too? Thinking about all the good & bad that might've happened?

Dear Arron--

Seeing how your writing is nearly illegible, it took me quite a while to decipher what you were saying. Nonetheless, I'm glad you liked the intro's to the 'zines I sent you. As I said before, I am a big fan of Cometbus, and found the fact that you actually read them exciting. That brings my audience up to 5. Hopefully, you've gotten my letter I sent you by now. Hope you don't mind me printing your letter here.

The format and style here keeps changing over time, and in a way I find that the way I put it together, however tense or lacking in personal insight, charts how I'm perceiving life right now. Sure, it sounds like an excuse, but we each have different methods to our madness. Fortunately, however we chose to run our 'zines is not the entire judgement of our accomplishments in life, otherwise we'd both be in a lot of trouble. Anyway, thanks for the insight and the article for next issue... hopefully. Let me know if I can still use it. Until next time, thank you.

--Sincerely
G.M.

Return
Address →



We want you

PO BOX 10502
Eugene, Or. 97440
TUESDAY

else



GM
P.O. 10502
Eugene, Or. 97440

Mailed
Aug. 7-16

Joe Shoen
E.J. (Joe) Shoen

FAILURE TO FOLLOW
THESE INSTRUCTIONS
MAY RESULT IN SERIOUS
INJURY OR DEATH.

POSTAGE DUE: 11¢



U.S. POSTAGE
EUGENE, OR.
MAY 11, 97
\$0.11
0003128-12



Dear Mr. Shoen--

I find this threat appalling and bad-tempered. Regardless of your stance in your company (U-Haul), I find that your disregard for laws frightening. Do you have anything better to do with your free time? Come on man! I never hurt you and I never hurt your compnay. I hope you know that any actual follow through on your threat, or any future threats via the mail or any other source, will be followed up by a police investigation. May that be a lesson to you.

Don't think this is just an idle threat on my part! I will stop at nothing to make sure that any future attempts you make will not go unpunished! And while I'm on the subject of your letter, if there is a next time, make sure you pay full postage. I had to pay 11 cents just to find out what this was. Get a life!

--Sincerely
G.M.

P.S. Why don't you try to find a hobby other than threatening independant publishers?

We've got the cure for
the no-time-to-read-blues



Hello!!

Pull my front & back covers apart.

Insert front of your book into my front cover.

Insert back of your book, along with the flap, into my back cover pocket.

Adjust to the thickness of your book.



Now you have a hard cover -- Just Like Me !!



Me And My Big Mouth

by G.M.

Me and my mouth have been through some pretty interesting times together, and on the whole I'm pretty happy for what he's done for me. In the past, he's helped me get a few different jobs, he's helped me gain a few different friends, he's helped me out with all my writing endeavors, and to top it all off, we've even kissed a few people here and there.

But try as I might, my mouth seems to have a grudge about something that I might have done to it in the past, because I have this innate ability to stick other parts of my anatomy into it at times when my immediate well being could rather do without.

My earliest memories of my mouth causing me pain date back to Junior High School, and though I don't really have many fond memories of those times at all, the one's where my mouth were involved caused me more pain (emotional and physical) than I ever thought were possible.

Example: There were a group of people in my Jr. High that particularly hated me for no good reason other than the fact that I was the new kid. I don't understand this, because I had been going to school for almost a year by this point, but to them I still exuded the "new kid" pheromone, so torture it was.

I went to sit down with my lunch in the lunch room and after I did, I took off my coat and set it down next to me. When I was in Jr. High, I had this butt-rocker type jean jacket that I wore everywhere I went. It was so cool! So I set it down, and went about the business of eating.

San
Boris III

Scipione 1944

Now I was oblivious to what was happening now, but the bullies were sitting behind me at this point, and decided that it would be really funny if they put ketchup and mustard all over my jacket. I imagine that it might have been really funny if it hadn't been me, ya'know? Ha ha ha ha ha. But meanwhile, I was still eating my lunch and didn't know how funny it was yet.

So I finally finished eating my lunch, and as I got up to leave, I noticed my jacket and picked it up. I was really pissed off. And these guys sitting behind me just started laughing. "Ha ha ha ha ha," they said. I realized then what was so funny. Ketchup. Mustard. Coat. I get it! Ha ha ha. (Fuckin' assholes.)

So while I was totally speechless about what they had done to my jacket, one of them decides to talk to me. He says, "I bet you aren't gonna wear that jacket now, huh?" They all burst into a round of laughter over that remark. Obviously these guys were professional comedians and I was just not in tune with their sense of humor.

But right when I was about to leave and try to wash off my coat, something happened. My mouth took control of my body, and before I even knew what was happening, I turned to the bullies and said, "Yeah, but you are," and threw the jacket on the guy who made the offending remark.

I was shocked. I was stunned. Why had I said that? For the next hour I don't remember much except my head intersecting with concrete, some kicks to the ribs, a black eye or two, and the principals office where the bullies got off scott free because, supposedly, I started it.

It's hard to say exactly why this happens. I've tried to explain to myself and to others that sometimes my mouth takes over and starts to control my body when in fact I should be not saying anything at all, or rather, saying something else.

A great example of this would be with my girlfriends. I would be doing something, or even just sitting there, and one of my girlfriends would come in and ask me something or would just start talking to me. I would respond with something that was meant as a compliment or an honest expression of how I felt about something, not insulting mind you, just how I felt, and suddenly I was being reamed because I said something offensive about their mother or some nonsense like that.

What happened? I don't know. As near as I could figure, my ears recieved the message that they said. It relayed the message to the part of my brain that interprets the message, and sends the message content to the part of the brain that responds, which creates an intelligent idea that would be a nice response to the question, and then sends that to my mouth. However, before this process is completed, my mouth has already said something else and is silently laughing at the rest of my body for even bothering.

Recently I've been particularly aware of this fault. My mouth has been, lately, getting me into more trouble with statements that offend, half-truths, and other such things that I don't ever intend to say, and while this is all going on I'm trying to maintain a certain amount of damage control on the entire situation. It really fuckin' sucks, because I have never been that good at ever expressing how I feel or what I really think except through my writing, and now even there my mouth intrudes when all I want to say to anyone is that I am not really as rude as I sound.

So keep in mind that first impressions do count. On the outside I'm nice, and no one has recently pissed me off or made me upset, so even if I do say, "You're such a dick," what I really mean is, "I like hanging out with you; you're pretty cool."

Look out for future issues containing excerpts from the *G.M.-To-English, English-To-G.M. Dictionary*.

/-----
| **For Those Who Care Or Keep Track...** | by G.M. |
\-----

- 1.) Two of my favorite bands, Cathead and Conkrit, broke up.
- 2.) Was Asked to moved out of Jon's house. Spent some time "houseless".
- 3.) House-sitting for Colin's Mom again... "Dawn Of The Goatboy II."
- 4.) Colin came to house-sit with me for a week (yey!). \$240 worth of partying!

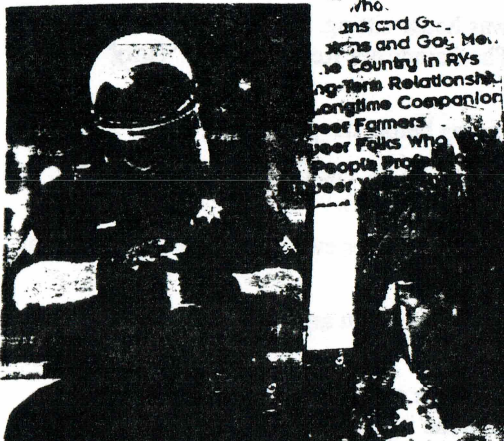
- 5.) My sister Karly and Rick came down and stayed with me while I was house-sitting. Rick and I decide to start a band in the KARP/Melvins/Jon Spencer vein either called, "The Poindexter Republic," or, "Tuffy," which would be a small subdivision of the Poindexter Republic.
- 6.) Karly and Rick leave, and me and Colin get to do some serious bonding before his parents get back.
- 7.) Used money that I earned housesitting to pay for rent at my new pad with Kris The Freak, Josh The Hippie, and Lyra The Racist Jew (she's not really racist, that's just what we call her).
- 8.) Things mellow out after a few parties. However, soon we find Cass coming over every day. We don't mind at all.
- 9.) After a few weeks Colin calls me and tells me that there was a problem with him and his girl, and wants to move to Eugene. I give him floor space to crash.
- 10.) Lyra and Kris fiasco! Lyra asks Kris to move out and Colin plans to take over Kris's room (Lyra and I do something really shitty that I feel kind of bad about, but what's done is done).
- 11.) At work, I become the Substitute For The Substitute Supervisor, which involves no raise and no extra status or anything, just a new title.
- 12.) After quite a bit of stupidity on my part, I finally fall into the arms of my new love, Cassandra, and we rode off into the sunset together (figuratively speaking).
- 13.) More trauma with Lyra!
- 14.) At work, I become the Substitute Supervisor after Lisa quits, which involves a theoretical raise and more hours that never really seemed to materialize.
- 15.) Even more trauma with Lyra!
- 16.) At work, I receive a letter telling me that my new position is to receive benefits up the wazoo! Yey!
- 17.) Colin starts a band called, tentatively, Placebo.
- 18.) I buy Negativland's "Dispepsi," quite possibly the best album to come out this year.
- 19.) Justin and Chantal come down to visit and get me really drunk with drinks that taste nothing like alcohol.
- 20.) Cass and I go to the coast.
- 21.) Dawn Of The Goatboy III (At the Lane County Fair)!
- 22.) Cassandra and I go to Portland where we were supposed to meet up with Lyra but she wasn't there when we got there! Went to Justin and Chantal's house where some neighbor of theirs was attacked by wasps, Justin and I missed Beer-Thirty, and we get a little bit drunk. We come back with a story to tell.
- 23.) At work, David & Jack tell us they're quitting, and I become a full Supervisor. Theoretically, this involves a raise that I haven't gotten yet. I did, however, get more hours.
- 24.) Life goes on.

Well, that's how I view the "high points" of my summer so far. Next issue we should find more of the same.

It's been fun putting off working on this issue of the 'zine, and I owe a debt of thanks to all my roommates, especially Lyra, Colin, Kris (to bad he lives in Springfield now... I miss you), Cassandra, and my sister and family. I love you all.

Hopefully, no one minds what I said out there in this issue. As I said in the last article, me and my mouth do get a little carried away, and I only wrote it the way I remember it and the way that it influenced me.

Next Issue: My Secret Life As A Normal Person; More Of The Same.



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 ne Country in RVs
 ng-Term Relationship
 Longtime Companion
 Beer Farmers
 Beer Folks Who
 People Pro...
 Beer...

what
 police
 achieve

EXI

Civil disobedience

Celebrate the
 American
 Revolution!

INJURE ALL

Fun!

Cathead wuz here?

No Witches
 Bingo Bus

OOPS

Which fly do you

August 1997
 FREE



GIRL! HI, IT'S FROM
 YOU MUST BE OUT AT ONE
 OF THOSE "SLASH" PART-
 TIES. WELL, I LIVED THE
 SHOW. SHE'S SUCH AN
 ATTRACTIVE GUY! I THINK
 YOU'D LOOK GREAT WITH
 THAT HAIRSTYLE!
 YOUR DAD AND I WERE
 JUST SAYING. MAYBE
 ONE DAY YOU COULD
 MARRIAGE A BOOKYERS
 LIKE ELLEN. INSTEAD
 OF JUST WORKING IN
 ONE. WEADN'T THAT BE
 NICE? CALL US! BYE!



TV BINGO
 and a
 MOVIE

WIDE LOBBY

perverts

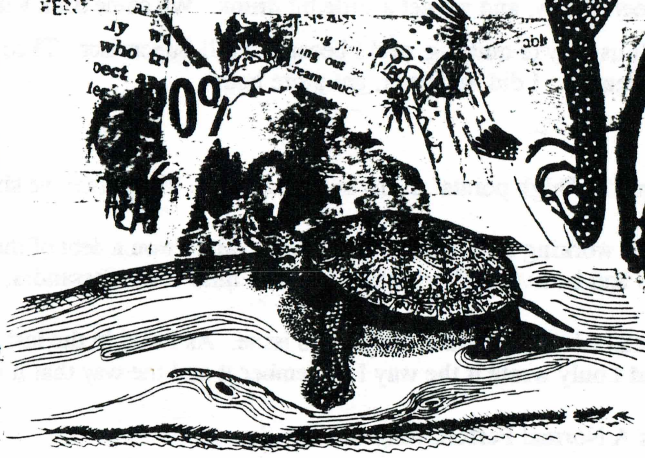
GAY PAREN

ECT. NOR

FENC



Man Cannot Live
 Around and Around the Mulberry Bush



I'd Buy That For A Dollar

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